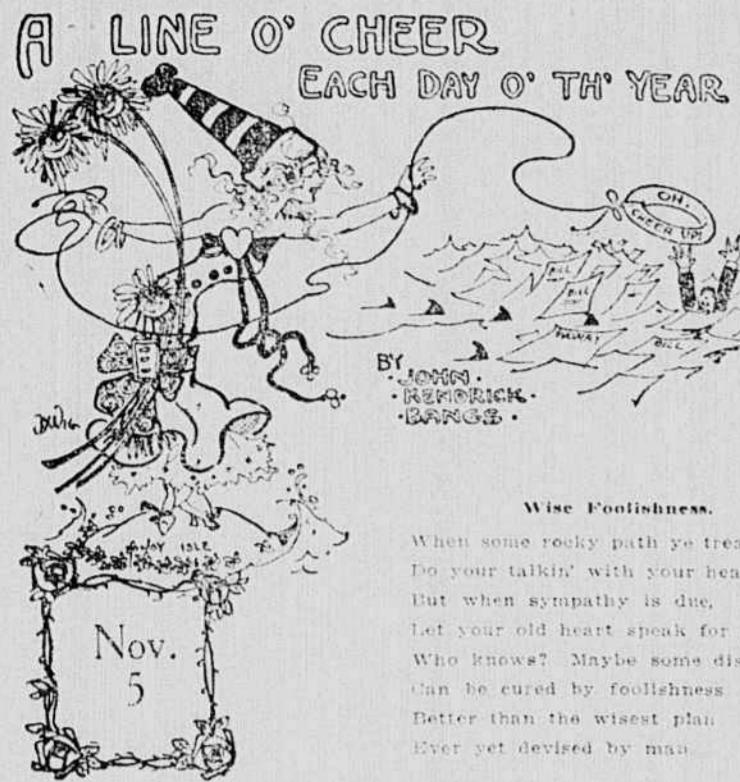


Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover



MENU

Breakfast:	
Stewed Peas	Oatmeal
Country Sausage	Griddle Cakes
Lunch:	
Macaroni with Cheese	Rushes
Tomato Sauce	Apples
Fruit	Cookies
Dinner:	
Chicken-Noodle Soup	Creamed Potatoes
Fried Chicken	Buttered Rice
Creamed Potatoes	Apple and Nut Salad
Lemon Meringue Pie	Coffee
Macaroni with Cheese.	
Boil the macaroni in salted water and drain. Cook together in a saucepan a great spoonful of butter and a cupful of grated Swiss cheese. As soon as the cheese is melted, turn the macaroni into the saucepan and stir and toss with a silver fork until thoroughly blended with the sauce. Serve at once.	

A Word of Thanks

So many letters of kindly encouragement and valuable suggestion have been received by me even within the few days that have elapsed since the inauguration of your page—and mine—that I feel compelled to extend publicly my thanks to those who have thus heartened and aided me and shown their sympathy with my effort to write, select and put together in attractive form features that are indeed of interest to every woman."

But do not think that I am thoroughly satisfied even yet or that I shall rest upon my oars. On the contrary, I shall work harder than ever, depending upon the help of every woman to assist in making this page of more and more interest to every woman.

Martha Westover

BLUE SERGE AND PLAID TAFFETA



The majority of skirts show short turns that end above the knee. In the gown illustrated, there is a short remaining turn, and the plaid is of plaid taffeta in green and brown and blue. The gown is made of blue serge.

AN ORIGINAL SUIT FOR THE LITTLE MAN



Favorite Recipes of Distinguished Women

By MRS. HARVEY W. WILEY,
Wife of the Pure Food Expert.

IN ORDER to start the day properly the morning meal should consist of food that is simple, but sustaining. In my family the main daily breakfast dish is a porridge, or mush, which we call hasty pudding, though there is nothing hasty about its preparation. Besides being highly nutritious and very palatable, it has the advantage of being one of the cheapest dishes it is possible to find since it costs but one and a-half cents for enough for a family of six.



Hasty Pudding.

I use the whole wheat flour, every bit of the grain, ground in an old fashion water mill, for half of the week's morning meals and on the alternate days a meal made from corn, the whole grain being ground in the same manner as the wheat. For six persons I take: One pint of meal or flour, Four pints of water, One half teaspoon of salt.

Stir meal or flour into water with salt so as to avoid all lumps. Place on stove stirring constantly, especially from the bottom until mixture boils. Cover kettle and boil for five minutes. Place in fireless cooker—if you have one—with hot stone on top and one beneath, and leave over night. This is served with cream and a little sugar and forms the main stay of Baby Wiley's dietary, for he has it at all three of his meals, with fresh fruit and vegetables.

Women Who Win in Trade

MISS JEAN WICK, CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINER, ETC.

By Isabel Stephen.
Average American girl of today is what a little painting, a little music, and a little French, even a grandmotherly pleasant occupation with which to pass away a few years, but an absolutely inadequate foundation on which to build up a successful career. Of course, there are exceptional students who do derive a great deal of benefit from their four years at college. I am speaking of the average girl as I know her. She envisions college with no special aim in view except to get an education, latest at graduation. She has been shunted through high school, and she is tipped through college, with the result that when she enters the business world she has a very mediocre equipment with which to build a career."

This is not the poisonous pessimism of a self-made woman to her would-be-sweet-girl-graduate daughter. It is the confession of a sweet girl graduate herself. It is the opinion of Miss Jean Wick, who, though a veritable and hardy, has cared for herself a very satisfactory business in the field of work, the revolutionizing of children's amusements, by giving semi-educational entertainments and getting no programs for society affairs and school or church bazaars. Miss Wick's father was a constructive engineer and inventor, and from him she inherits ingenious ideas which have found a ready market. She is a recognized expert in the business, and believes it is one that can be worked out with great success everywhere by any one who has the gift of organization.

I asked Miss Wick to tell me the story of her journey to success, and also to give me some information as to the ways and means by which a girl can work her way through college.

"I am a New York girl and was born in New York City. My father was an inventor who enjoyed the proverbial inadequate financial returns for his work, and when the time came I found that I should have to work my way through college. I sought the agency for college funds from a girl who was leaving college, and this, with some other agencies, made my way very smooth."

"The other girls in the office rather resented my being a college girl, and I was ashamed to let them realize how little I knew. I couldn't even read prose. Yet I had graduated with good marks. In time I found my feet, and through sheer hard work and judicious planning succeeded in making good."

"She used to work with the promotion department of a publishing house. Here I had to secure the sale of books by convincing letters, cards, circulars, etc. I learned how to reach the people. I always possessed the gift of common sense, and could appreciate the other fellow's point of view."

"Although I was making a success of this, I learned that the work promised no more than \$19 a week, so I looked about for other fields to conquer. I started a business of my own, with the help of my mother, and capitalized my gift of amusement organization. I began in a small way, but as there is a great demand for trained organizers of church fairs and unique entertainments for children, I soon found that I had a very successful outlet."

"Now, as for the girl who wishes to work her way through college, the majority of the girls will give themselves on working, they are like the widow left with five children, who could do a little of everything but could do nothing well."

"If she can do any one thing, hang up then she will not have a hard time in working through college. Stenography and typewriting are the ideal means of making money for this purpose. There is always plenty of work for those who can type well, or for those who are good bookkeepers, or who are particularly fond of mechanics, and who are very glad to be relieved of clerical labor. With this work she would have enough time left to herself to cover her studies and get through the course in the four years. In the majority of cases where the girl

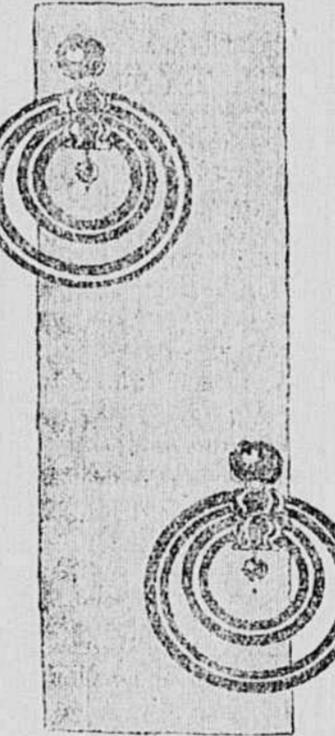
has to work, she requires five or six hours a day, and she is another profitable occupation. There are several agencies in every college which are fairly lucrative. For instance caps and gowns, engraving on wood, selling historical relics relating to the college. The girl who is clever with her needle finds plenty of work if she can trim hats or make shirt waists. Little dabbling in various things, however, is merely a waste of time. The girl who tries to make ends meet by making neckwear or exchange articles or fudge or sandwiches, has a very insecure source of income, and it is almost nothing she should stay away from college altogether. Another favorite occupation is waiting on table. I would not advise any kind of mental service for the students, for the tipping by fellow students is demoralizing."

"If the girl who goes to college really concentrates her forces on exactly what she wants to learn and chooses her college with care and judgment, so that the knowledge of these four years is focused toward one particular object, then the results will be splendid. But the average student does not properly weigh the courses she selects, and once she enters college she takes the way of least resistance, and this will give her a very pleasant, but not very profitable, four years."

If your soup is too salty, try adding a few slices of raw potato and cool a little longer. The potato will absorb the surplus salt.

To turn a boiled pudding out of its basin, hold it for a few minutes in cold water. This will prevent its sticking to the cloth.

NEW JET EARRINGS



Alphabet of Tiny Tots.



Barney lives in Belfast,
A busy sea-port town
On the coast of Ireland.
Great ships ply up and down.
Barney, as he looks at them
Thinks perhaps he may
Be a sailor when he's
grown
And sail far, far away!
Elizabeth Kirkman.

THE
HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON,

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.
Mrs. Wrandall comes by train and motor to a roadside near New York to identify the body of a man who is believed to have been killed.

Upon her arrival at the roadside near New York, whether she has been summoned to identify the body of a man who is believed to have been killed, or whether she has been summoned to identify the body of a man who has mysteriously disappeared, the body has been discovered by a knife driven through the heart; she leans over and gazes at the face, then straightens up.

"Close it from the inside," commanded the coroner, with unmistakable emphasis. The body was closed, and a great shudder ran through her body. The coroner started forward, expecting her to collapse.

"Please go away," she was saying in an absolutely emotionless voice. "Let me stay here alone for a little while."

That was all. The men relaxed. They looked at each other with a single question in their eyes. Was it quite safe to leave her alone with her dead?

She turned on them suddenly, spreading her arms in a wide gesture of self-absorption. Her sombre eyes swept the group.

"I can do nothing," she said, "but go home."

"Do you mean, madam, that you intended to?" began the coroner in alarm.

She clasped her hands. "I mean that I shall take my last look at him now—and here. Then you may do what you like with him. He is your dead—not mine. I do not want him. Can you understand? I do not want this dead thing. But there is something I would like with him, something that must be done. Something that no one must hear but the good God who knows how much he has hurt me. I want to say it close to those grey, horrid ears. Who knows? He may hear me!"

Wondering, the others backed from the room. She watched them until they closed the door.

Listening, they heard her lower the window. It squeaked like a thing in a trap.

"Joy riding," said Burton, with an ugly laugh. Then he quailed before the look she gave him.

"If no other means is offered, Dr. Sheep, I shall ask you to let me take the car. I am perfectly capable of driving it for two seasons. All I ask is that you come along with me to go with me to the station. Not Burton, that is, if there is some one here who is willing to accompany me to the city. He shall be handsomely paid for going, it is but little more than thirty miles. I refuse to spend the night in this house. That is final."

They drew apart to confer, leaving Burton before the fire, a stark figure, the head inclined to attack itself entirely from the surroundings of his companionship. At last, the coroner came to her side and touched her arm.

"He ain't one now, I'll bet on that," said the man who stood guard. "He's in hell. If ever a man—"

"Sh!" whispered the woman in horror. "God forgive you for uttering words like that!"

"Every one in the city knows what sort of a man he is," said Dr. Sheep. "He comes of a good family," said the coroner, "one of the best in New York. I guess he's never been much of a credit to it, however."

"They say he ran after chorus girls," said Mrs. Burton. The men grimed.

"I've got an idea she had the devil's own time with him," mused the sheriff, with a jerk of his head in the direction of the door.

"The sheriff has a man who will ride with him, and the captain of the city, whichever you may elect. Now, may trouble you to make answer to certain questions. I shall write out details."

"The man is Chaliss Wrandall, your husband? You are positive?"

"I was positive. He is—or was Chaliss Wrandall."

Half an hour later she was ready for the trip to New York City. The clock in the entry struck the hour as she went out.

A tall, indomitable, gaunt, gaunt buffalo coat waited for her outside, belligerent and bandying jest with the half-frozen men who had spent the night with him in the forlorn hope of finding the girl.

Mrs. Wrandall gave final instructions to the coroner and his deputies, who happened to be the undertaker's men. She answered all the questions that had been put to her, and had signed the document with her, untroubled hand. Her veil had been lowered since the beginning of the examination. They did not see her face; they only heard the calm, low voice, sweet with fatigue and dread.

"I shall notify my brother-in-law as soon as I reach the city," she said. Leslie Wrandall, I mean. My own apartment is not open. I have been staying in a hotel since my return from Europe two days ago. But I shall attend to the opening of the place to-morrow. You will be ready for me there."

The coroner hesitated a moment before asking the question that had come to his mind in such spirit.

"Two days ago, madam? May I inquire where your husband has been living during your absence abroad? When did you last see him alive?"

She did not reply for many seconds, and then it was with a perceptible effort.

"I have not seen him since my return until—to-night," she replied. "I did not need me to return. The brother Leslie came to the station. He—he said that Chaliss, who came back from Europe two weeks ahead of me, had been called to St. Louis on very important business. My husband had been living at his club, I understand. That is all I can tell you, sir."

"I see," said the coroner gently.

He opened the door for her and she stepped out. A crowd of people who were grouped about the throbbing motor car. They fell away as she approached, silently fading into the shadows like so many vast, unwholesome ghosts. The sheriff and Drake came forward.

"This man will go with you, madam," said the sheriff, pointing to an amiable figure beside the machine. He is the only one who will understand it. They're all played out, you see. He has been drinking, but on account of the hardships he has undergone to-night. You will be quite safe with Morley."

No snow was falling, but a bleak wind blew mealy. The air was free from particles of steel; wetly the fall of the night clung to the earth where it had fallen.

(To Be Continued.)